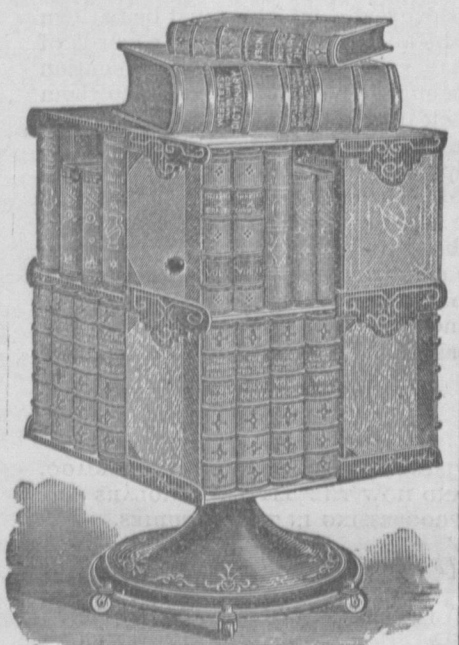


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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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## POETRY.

### DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,  
He turned them into the river lane;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.  
  
Under the willow and over the hill  
He patiently followed their sober pace;  
His merry whistle for once was still,  
And something shadowed the sunny face.  
  
Only a boy! and his father had said,  
He never could let his youngest go;  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.  
  
But after the evening's work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,  
And stealthily followed the footpath damp.  
  
Thrice since that have the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple bloom,  
And now, when the cows come back at night,  
The feeble father drove them home.  
  
For news had come to the lonely farm,  
That three were lying where two had lain;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son again.

The summer days grew cool and late,  
He went for the cows when the work was done,  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming, one by one.  
  
Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,  
Cropping buttercups out of the grass—  
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue,  
And from the pale and crisping hair  
Looked out a face the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn,  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes,  
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.

## STORE TELLER.

### JOE, THE WOLF.

Battle Mountain, nearly the center of the desert State of Nevada, is not a particularly attractive village. A railroad office and freight depot, a row of business houses and saloons, and a cluster of unpretentious dwellings comprise its extent. At the time of which I write, some five years ago, it was a lively burg, however, and a rough one. A small army of teamsters and miners, and a coterie of three-card monte men who made it their headquarters, kept the otherwise peaceful village in a ferment of wild excitement. The course of these reckless denizens was marked with periodical shooting scrapes, frequent fist encounters and continuous drunken brawls.

Half-doing one day in a saloon, I was aroused by the remark most emphatically delivered: "It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf!" The speaker, a large, magnificently proportioned ruffian, supplemented the peculiar description of himself with: "Pards, come and drink." With the exception of myself every man in the room gathered around the bar, addressing the powerful standard of treats as Joe. The glasses were filled and tipped, when he turned and noticed me. I saw the quick, wicked flash of anger in his eyes. After a momentary survey he broke the silence, and this terse dialogue followed:

"Yer from the city, ain't yer?"  
"I am."  
"Yer don't know me, do yer?"  
"I don't."  
"Take a drink and git acquainted then."  
"Don't drink."  
"Smoke then."  
"Don't smoke."  
"Do yer shoot?"  
"Not worth a continental."

My years of assurance acquired as a correspondent, and knowledge of aggressive characters, did not prevent me from feeling some uneasiness as I observed my interrogator's dexterous fingers slide to his belt and grasp the hilt of his "whistler." An unpleasant termination of the conversation was avoided by the strange appearance of a woman who stepped from the overland train, just then arrived, and directed her steps toward the saloon. She was rather a comely looking female of thirty-eight or more, and evidently ill and suffering from the effects of an extended debauch. Joe stared at her as one looks at the arisen dead for a moment, and then walked quietly to the door, threw himself into the saddle and rode away. As he passed the woman she lifted her hands imploringly towards him and fell to the earth unconscious. She was borne to the hotel, and the kind women of the village did what they could for her. She spoke no word when she recovered from her swoon, but lay quietly, unmindful of her fast ebbing away life.

During the day I inquired of Broken-nose Charley, who knew every body and everything about the farm, regarding the man Joe. Charley said that little was known of him, except that

he mined some, gambled some, drank like mad, and altogether was a bad lot. He had killed two or three men, and had been shot and cut himself several times. He invariably preceded an invitation to imbibe or the shooting of a man, by the expression: "It's fourteen inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf." From this idiosyncrasy and his bloodthirsty disposition he was known and dreaded as "The Wolf." Prudent people, however, addressed him Joe.

The Wolf returned to town the next day, and on entering the saloon from which he had made his hurried exit, quietly asked:

"Was that ar woman gone?"  
He was told that she was sick and could live but a very short time. A great change came over his face; the hard furrows of dissipation and crime were transformed to the pitiable lines of sorrow. Not noticing the dram proffered by the bar-keeper, he hastened to the hotel and made his way to the bedside of the dying woman. Abruptly he questioned:  
"Was yer follerin' him?"  
"No, Joe; I was hunting him."  
"Sure?"  
"So help me God!"

The poor, white face, scarred and deep-seamed by excesses and sin, grew radiant with gladness as Joe knelt down and kissed her. With a seal of forgiveness, with the pressure of his lips but half returned, she sank back dead.

Through the service at the simple burial the following day Joe stood with uncovered head, but his bronzed and immovable features betrayed no emotion, nor vouchsafed any clew to the mystery that enshrouded the confined outcast himself.

The evening of the funeral the Wolf called on me at my room. Seating himself, without preface he said:

"As man of sense an' no coward, yer kin look at a brave man's agony in the right way. The past I've hidden for twenty years, for I ain't the kind to wear my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at. But that's a felling as though I'd choke if I didn't talk to some one. The woman buried to-day was my wife. Here's some letters the winner folk found on her an' give to me. Yer look them over while I chin, for I'm slow on the read. We war married in the States when she war sixteen an' I just come of age. A bit after I got the gold fever an' went to California. In a couple of years I made quite a pile, and went home for her. She war changed, an' it warn't long before I heard the stories, an' found the truth, that she had gone wrong. He war a fine-haired chap who had come into town while I war away. I war a likely young fellow then, but that turned me into a devil. I went for him, but he heard of it an' slid out for California. I followed him, an' for twenty years I've bin hunting him all over this coast. A voice of hell has urged me on, an' I've killed men that the taste of blood might keep fierce my hope of revenge. I've never found him. During these years I've heard about her one in a while, an' how she war drinking and going to the dogs. I'd allus meant to see her when I'd settled with him. His name was Bill Armstrong."

The letters taken from the dead woman, which I had been looking over were mostly answers to inquiries regarding the whereabouts of her husband. An unfinished letter of her own to some friend in the east, and dated a few days previous to her death, showed that to this poor lost creature, with the grasp of death upon her, there had come back to her the glory of her first and only pure love, and the unconquerable desire to die at his feet, freed from the burden of his curse. Strangely enough, another letter gave information of Bill Armstrong, and stated that he was living near Boise City, in Idaho. These two I read to the desperate man who sat before me, his burning eyes gleaming with pain and his lips mute with anguish. When I ceased, he grasped my hand with, "Thank yer, stranger," and left the room. I watched him mount his horse and ride out into the black trail.

The circumstances I have related were vividly recalled to my mind during my present trip to Battle Mountain by casually hearing an account of a fatal shooting affair between Bill Armstrong, a mining speculator, and Joe, the Wolf, at Boise City, in 1878. The details of the encounter I give in the words of the narrator, who was an eye-witness:

"Joe met Armstrong on the street, and with the single exclamation, 'I'm Aggie's husband!' pulled and fired. From some unaccountable reason missed. Armstrong returned the fire, shooting Joe plump through the heart. He fell on one knee, and for a second swayed like a reed before the storm. Grand in his physical strength, in the power of his hate, he recovered himself. As from his ashen lips rang the old cry, 'It's 14 inches between my eyes, and I smell like a wolf!' he fired, killing Armstrong instantly, and fell upon his face dead."

Thoughtfully to-day I sought the pauper's field, and stood before the

rude pine headboard which bore the name of her whose weakness had destroyed three lives. It was almost hidden by clumps of sage-bush, which, unsightly and pallid green, were fitting growths of unhallowed ground.

The old story of shame and sorrow, common in all the epochs of the world as the grains of sand that drifted over her lonely uncare-for grave. Yet rarely is the recompense for sin so terribly meted out as in the tragic end and wayward, bitter lives of Joe and Aggie Garland.

## A New Year Story.

The ground was covered with a mantle of snow, and the soft, feathery flakes were still falling, whitening the coats of those who were out in the storm, softly resting upon the ruddy cheeks of a troop of schoolboys, who were improving this week of holidays in running, playing snowball, and hurrahing to their hearts' content.

It was New Year's Eve to the rich, but to one poor little waif who stood gazing in at a brilliantly-lighted window, where beautiful toys of all descriptions were displayed, it was only another cold storm, a time to draw the thin, worn shawl closer, and wonder how people could enjoy themselves so, when she felt so cold and so hungry.

But for the moment she had forgotten it all, in her admiration of a beautiful wax doll, dressed in the height of fashion, and looking so nice and comfortable in her miniature tippet, that one almost forgot it was a doll.

A little too long she had stood there, looking into the heaven she could not expect to enter, for the gruff policeman's idea of what poor children should do. So, roughly seizing her by the shoulder, he exclaimed, "Come, young'un, you've stood in the way of folks as might want to go inter that store long enough. Move on lively. Waitin' to steal somethin' likely."

The poor little creature raised a pair of soft, brown eyes to the face of this, the sworn enemy of the poor children, while she cried pitifully, "Oh, sir, I didn't mean to steal anything. Please let me go, mamma's so sick at home and she'll look for me."

Giving her a push, he answered, "Go then; but it's always the same old tale—Sick mother; more'n likely she's dead drunk."

A sympathizing witness of this scene, a noble-looking gentleman, stepped forward, and bending over the little girl, tenderly asked, "What is your name, my child?" She choked down the lump in her throat while she answered:

"Hope, sir; Hope Van Eaton Latamer."

"Hope Van Eaton?" he questioned, excitedly. "I might have known it from those eyes. Where—where are your parents?"

"Papa's gone to heaven long ago, and I'm afraid mamma's going too. She coughs so sometimes when we don't have any fire," she said pitifully, and her little lips quivered, as she tried to check a rising sob.

"So poor! my tenderly reared Hope; without fire! I must see to this immediately," and the gentleman, taking the little girl by the hand, led her into the store and filled her little arms with toys; among them was the lady doll. "Oh, sir, is she mine? My very own, to keep forever and ever?" she delightedly exclaimed, as she hugged it to her breast.

"Yes, your very own," he said, and leading her further along the street, he purchased a soft, warm shawl, and wrapping her in it, called a cab, and, learning her address, took her home.

Dashing up the stairs, little Hope reached her attic home, and bursting in joyfully, showed her treasures, while she almost breathlessly related her adventures. "And, oh, mamma," she continued, "the kind gentleman said he would come to see us." Even as she spoke a knock resounded upon the door, and the child danced along and opened it. There stood a man with two huge baskets upon either arm, which he deposited on the floor, as he said, "For Mrs. Latamer," then vanished. One contained coal, the other, as little Hope expressed it, lots of good things. Mrs. Latamer lay upon a low couch before a feeble fire, and the cough she could not suppress, and all her surroundings betrayed the bitter, bitter poverty in which they were living, while the child chattered away, piled coal on the grate, and spread her new shawl over her mother's shoulders. Mrs. Latamer breathed a silent prayer of thanksgiving that God had raised to them a friend in their need.

Early New Year's morning, a gentleman ascended the handsome marble steps of a palatial mansion on Avenue and impatiently rang the bell. A servant opened the door and ushered the visitor into the splendid drawing-room, when he took the card up to his master's apartment.

Here was seated a handsome old gentleman, but whose features bore the impress of some great sorrow. He took the card from the servant, reading

aloud "C. W. Taylor." He said, "Bring him up; bring him up. It's kind of Charlie to remember a lonely old man to-day, this day of all days," and as the young man appeared, he half rose to greet him, as Mr. Taylor wished him a happy New Year.

"Ah, Charlie," he returned, "New Year's day is always a sad one to me. It is nine years to-day since my poor Hope left me for a man she knew three months. I had planned with you and her, Charlie, to unite our families by a marriage between you two, but I was too harsh and arbitrary, and Hope was wilful, so she ran away. In the heat of my anger, when she came to ask for my forgiveness, I turned her from the door and swore I'd never see her again. She was proud too, and I never even heard of her more. But I am growing old, Charlie; I was over forty years of age when I married, and she was my only child. Her mother died at her birth. So, though I am wealthy, I am a lonely man."

"Oh sir!" said the young man, eagerly, "would you forgive her and take her back to your heart and home if she could be found?"

"Would I? Gladly." Then peering into the young man's face through his spectacles, as he noticed it was more than an ordinary question, he anxiously questioned, "Do you know anything of her?"

Mr. Taylor related the incident of the previous evening. Ere he had finished the old gentleman was upon his feet, saying, "My Hope sick and without fire; her child cold and suffering and starving. God help me for a hard-hearted old wretch. Ring the bell, will you, John? John, the carriage immediately; send Mrs. Simpkins here," and as the housekeeper appeared, he continued, "Mrs. Simpkins, put two pair of warm blankets in the carriage, light a fire in the south room, and make it as comfortable as you can. Stay, help me with my wraps."

"Oh!" said the housekeeper, who was an old and valued servant, "you're never going out this weather; you'll take your death!"

"Didn't I tell you I'm going for my child? My Hope is sick living in poverty. Simpkins, I'm astonished at you; you used to care for her. Hurry all of you."

As the carriage rolled off the old woman said: "At last, the Lord be praised! I knew he'd forgive her sometime. It will seem like old times to have the dear child home once more," and she hurried off to perform her many duties.

I leave the meeting between father and child to be imagined; the delight of little Hope at the love and handsome presents lavished upon her. Suffice it to say, that the next New Year's witnessed a great wedding at Mr. Van Eaton's mansion, when our friend Charlie was rewarded for his long faithful waiting by the hand of Hope Latamer. That she loves him devotedly he is well assured, and Hope thinks little brother Charlie is prettier, sweeter and nicer to play with than dolls, of which she has whole families, and Old Mr. Van Eaton is perfectly happy. He has never allowed them to leave him, saying: "That he had house enough for all." New Year's is a time of joy to them. May they, with my readers, live to see many happy returns of the day.

One of the hottest regions on the earth is along the Persian gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrain the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag around his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth, then takes in his right hand a heavy stone to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of the copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

It is not merely a common, but a dangerous error to persuade one's self that certain attainments in piety insure salvation and need not be overpassed. Whereas, in reality, there is no point where it is not perilous to halt. We can only escape a fall by climbing continually higher.—*Jaqueline Pascal.*

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." True; but also out of the emptiness of the heart the mouth can speak even more volubly. He who can always find the word which is appropriate and adequate to his emotions is not the man whose emotions are deepest; warmth of feeling is one thing, permanence is another.—*F. W. Robinson.*

## A Joke on a Humorist.

That quaint and original genius, Samuel L. Clemens—Mark Twain—told a story at his own expense while breakfasting with a journalistic friend in Chicago, which is too good to be lost, and which by his consent is now published for the first time. There had been some talk at the table about the Grant banquet, when Mr. Clemens remarked with a smile and his peculiar drawl:

"Speaking of banquets reminds me of a rather amusing incident that occurred to me during my stop in smoky, dirty, grand old London. I received an invitation to attend a banquet there, and I went. It was one of those tremendous dinners where there are from eight to nine hundred invited guests. I hadn't been used to this sort of thing, and I didn't feel quite at home. When we took our seats at the table I noticed that at each plate was a plan of the hall, with the position of each guest numbered so that one could see at a glance where a friend was seated by learning his number. Just before we fell to, some one—the lord mayor, or whoever was bossing the occasion—arose and began to read a list of those present—No. 1, Lord So-and-So, No. 2, the Duke of Something-or-other, and so on. When this individual read the name of some prominent political character or literary celebrity, it would be greeted with more or less applause. The individual who was reading the names did so in so monotonous a manner that I became somewhat tired, and began to look about for something to engage my attention. I found the gentleman next to me, on the right, a well-informed personage, and I entered into conversation with him. I had never seen him before, but he was a good talker and I enjoyed it. Suddenly, just as he was giving me his views upon the future religious aspect of Great Britain, our ears were assailed by a deafening storm of applause. Such a clapping of hands I had never heard before. I sent the blood to my head with a rush, and I got terribly excited. I straightened up and commenced clapping my hands with all my might. I moved about excitedly in my chair and clapped harder and harder.

"Who is it?" I asked the gentleman on my right, "whose name did he read?"

"Samuel L. Clemens," he answered. I stopped applauding. I didn't clap any more. It kind of took the life out of me, and I sat there like a mummy and didn't even get up and bow. It was one of the most distressing fixes I ever got into, and it will be many a day before I forget it.

## HUMOR.

Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

No matter how little you overwork a horse, his sufferings are "unspeakable."

Every man is made better by the possession of a good picture, if it is only a landscape on the back of a hundred dollar note.

We've got a new hat for the paragrapher who can prove that green apples hurt a boy half as much as the boy hurts the green apples.

A child without legs has been born. "Thank, goodness," exclaimed the weeping parent, "this can never become the champion pedestrian!"

A London Philosopher says there is something inexpressibly sad about the music of a church organ—while the collection is being made.

"Suppose I should work myself up to an interrogation point?" said a bean to his sweetheart. "I should respond with an exclamation!" was the reply.

The Mormons have a hymn: "We are not ashamed to own our Lord." Very good; but the question is whether the Lord isn't ashamed to own them.

A boy at a recent examination in an English school, was asked who discovered America. "I wish I may die," says a British editor, "if he didn't answer—'Yankee Doodle!'"

A petrified woman has been discovered near Halifax. It is suspected that her husband gave her \$10 without asking, to get a new fall bonnet, and she was petrified with astonishment.

A proper conclusion for the marriage ceremony in many of our fashionable "society" weddings would be: "What commercial interests have joined together, let no ill-temper put asunder."

"Here, you young rascal, walk up and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?" "After the girls' father." "Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, sir; but mother did."

## Meet me at the door.

BY G. F. F.

The lofty hills now meet my gaze,  
I think of scenes of yore;  
And her that was my angel bright  
To meet me at the door.  
My thoughts go on to mark the way,  
Of her that's gone on shore;  
That when I drop my dying flesh  
She'll meet me at the door.

All through the long and weary night,  
Her voice came to me o'er and o'er;  
Reminding me of that good time  
When she would meet me at the door.

There I will dry up every tear,  
And I will sigh no more;  
And she that was my earthly joy  
Will meet me at the door.  
And this my prayer, I'll wait till then,  
My friend, I'll wait here no more,  
Will when I quit this barren soil,  
Will meet me at that shore.

Where peace and friendship ever dwell,  
And sighs and tears no more;  
It's where my friend now waits for me,  
To meet me at the door.  
There with my whitened locks told years,  
Years that are most fourscore;  
With patience will I meet it all  
If my angel will meet me at the door.

Oh! when I leave this lonesome soil,  
I'll go to lands more fair;  
Where troubles there will never come  
I'll meet my darling there.  
It's here I climb the rugged hills,  
And hear the bleak winds roar;  
But when I come to that bright shore  
I'll hear such winds no more.

All through the long and weary night,  
Her voice came to me o'er and o'er;  
Reminding me of that good time  
When she would meet me at the door.

## Happiness of the Newly Married.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—As there is already a good deal of everyday talk and discussion among both the unmarried and married mates abroad in regard to the state of domestic life after marriage, I shall endeavor to give a more enlarged view of marriage through the JOURNAL.

It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society in which the husband and wife set out together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul, graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations and desires, with reference to their present means, and to their future and common interest.

Nothing delights man more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young people who, within perhaps two or three years, without any resources but their own knowledge and industry, have joined heart and hand, and engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner; whilst perhaps the little darning sits prattling on the floor, or lies sleeping in the cradle and every thing seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands, and the best of fathers, when he shall come home from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise.

This is the true domestic pleasure. Health, contentment, love, abundance and bright prospects are all here. But it has become a prevalent sentiment among the mutes as well as those who hear and speak, that a man must make his fortune before he marries; that the wife must have no sympathy, nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the domestic pleasure truly consists; and that the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is a very unhappy sophism; it fills the community with bachelors who are waiting to make their fortunes; it endangers virtue and promotes vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institutions; and it also promotes idleness and inefficiency among the females who are expecting to be taken up by fortunes, and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part; and thus many a wife becomes, as a sensible gentleman once remarked, not a "helpmate" but a "help-eat."

E. JEWELL.

## HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

—The reason that cabbage emits such a disagreeable smell when boiling is because the process dissolves the essential oil. The water should be changed when the cabbage is half boiled, and it will thus acquire greater sweetness.

—A nice furniture polish is made by mixing boiled linseed oil and white varnish, using one-fourth varnish to three-fourths of the oil. Apply with the flannel, rubbing thoroughly, and afterwards rubbing with dry flannel or chamois skin.

—The Parisian method of cleaning black silk is to brush and wipe it thoroughly, lay it on a flat table with the side up which is intended to show, and sponge with hot coffee strained through muslin. Allow it to become partially dry then iron.

—Salt or beef's gall in the water helps to set black. A tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine to a gallon of water sets most blues, and alum is very efficacious in setting green. Black or very dark calicoes should be stiffened with gum-arabic—five cents' worth is enough for a dress. If, however, starch is used, the garment should be turned wrong side out.

—To remove grease from silk, take a lump of magnesia and rub it well over the spot; let it dry, then brush the powder off, and the spot will disappear; or take a visiting card and separate it, and rub the spot with the internal part, and it will disappear without taking the gloss off the silk.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1024 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

This is the last issue in which the names of voters for the National Convention will appear, unless specially requested to republish them by our readers. We publish in another column a communication from Mr. W. K. Chase, of Mandarin, Fla., in which he claims that neither Cincinnati nor Syracuse have a majority, though one of them may have a plurality of votes. He suggests voting over again, and sending \$1 with each vote. Doing this would only be arranging the preliminaries, and is a very wise plan, as we are sure that many who have voted do not intend to go to the Convention, even if it is held in the place of their choice.

This will in no way delay the proposed Convention, as those who vote will do so with the understanding that August 25th, 1890, will be the time, the location only being disputed. Any one who sends a money-vote for a place that does not win should have the privilege of reclaiming it.

The above is Mr. Chase's plan, but the matter of a majority over all others may be settled by allowing those who have voted prior to January 1st to recast their votes for Syracuse or Cincinnati. We are in constant receipt of votes for the Convention, but as the terms of voting were that all votes must be sent in before January 1st, we have not published any that have been received after that date.

A subscriber writes to know where he can obtain T. H. Gallaudet & Horace Hooker's Dictionary.

The book mentioned can be obtained of Baker, Pratt & Co., Nos. 142 and 144 Grand Street, New York City. The wholesale price is 56 cents and the postage will be about 12 cents. We will furnish the book on receipt of 67 cents.

Mr. Ira H. Darby, of Weymouth, Mass., writes to Dr. Peet concerning the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. For Mr. Darby's benefit, and to correct a possible misapprehension in the minds of others, we would here state that Dr. Peet has no connection whatever with the JOURNAL. It is not an Institution paper, and it is managed and edited entirely by ourselves.

The American Annals of the Deaf and Dumb, for January, is at hand, and is an especially interesting number. A pen sketch of the life of Jacob Van Nostrand, by L. L. Peet, L.L.D., and a biography, by Rev. John R. Keep, M.A., of David Elly Bartlett, which appear in this number, will be of inestimable value to deaf-mutes, as constituting a full account of two men who devoted the whole of their long lives to teaching the deaf and dumb. Mr. G. O. Fay's address at the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the Ohio Institution is given in full. Other subjects of interest are discussed, and the number finishes with the usual amount of Institution and miscellaneous items.

We have just come into possession of a pamphlet entitled "Who killed Cock Robin?" or "Crying Evils in the Deaf-Mute World," kindly sent us by the author, P. A. Emery, M.A., D.D., Principal of the Chicago Deaf-Mute Schools. We have not yet had time to read it carefully, but from what we have read we are convinced that the pamphlet is written in the interests of all deaf-mutes. When opportunity allows, we will give our readers the benefit of a few extracts from this valuable book. We are confident that the author's purpose is to injure no one but to help all who are deaf and dumb.

The boys of the West Virginia Institution printing office deserve great praise for the manner in which they have printed the Annual Report of that Institution, which has been sent us by the Principal, J. C. Covell, M.A. This Institution is for the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind. There were in attendance during the term ending September 30th, 1879, ninety-eight deaf and dumb and forty blind pupils. The average cost per pupil was a little over \$267. The trades taught are Printing, Shoemaking, Cabinetmaking, and tailoring for the mutes. A mattress and broom shop furnishes the blind with employment.

We have received a copy of the Saginaw Bulletin, sent us by the foreman of that office, Mr. John Brooks. It is very gratifying to note the progress of deaf-mutes in the great world of business, and to see in the van out West a deaf-mute foreman of a paper which in make-up and general appearance is second to none.

A lady of Atlanta, Ga., sends us a postal card inquiring where Mr. Job Turner is at present. Rev. Job Turner is now in Staunton, Va.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Henry Fessenden, for several copies of the Naples Record.

We have received a little editorial "taffy" from one or two Institution papers, and a small "chocolate caramel" from the editor of the Annals. Thanks, gentlemen, sweets like these do tickle the palate of our soul.

## NOTICES.

Providence permitting, the Rev. A. W. Mann will hold service for deaf-mutes, at Christ Church, St. Louis, on Sunday, February 19th, at 10.30 A.M. and 3 P.M. The morning service will be discussed in time for the Holy Communion, which will be interpreted for the deaf-mute communicants.

Services for deaf-mutes will be held in Christ Church, Williamsburg, at 3 P.M. and in St. Paul's Church, Albany, at 2.30 P.M., on Sunday, the 25th inst. The former will be conducted by Mr. James Lewis, and the latter by Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald will also lecture at the meeting of the Troy Club on Saturday evening, the 24th inst.

## The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: The Itemizer.

The Educator will discontinued after the first of February next.

The editor of the Index received his Christmas present on the 20th of December—a nice little daughter.

The second trial of Jesse Billings, for alleged wife-murder, noticed in the Saratoga Oyer for the 19th inst., has been put over until the 12th.

The Kansas Institution has had an outbreak of scarlet fever; but by acting promptly, the disease has not spread. The two who were taken down are now convalescent.

Mr. H. J. Haight has purchased the entire stock of fowls owned by Mr. W. F. Fenton, of Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. Fenton took all the premiums offered for white cockin at the great chicken show held in Indianapolis last week.

A correspondent asks, in behalf of many subscribers, what has become of the proceeds of the Cincinnati picnic. The money was intended for destitute deaf-mute children. If anybody knows, we will be glad to publish his statement.

Miss Maggie E. Fella, a very charming young lady of Louisville, Ky., who has been spending a month or two visiting Senator John Benz's family at this place, returned home on Thursday, accompanied by Miss Amelia Benz, of this place.—Crawford County (Ind.) Herald.

Two base ball clubs, composed entirely of deaf-mutes, have been playing in Ohio. They say it is the saddest thing in the world to see the club that gets beat swearing at the umpire, and calling him all sorts of dizzy names with their thumbs and fingers.—Exchange.

Mr. Job Turner was ordained a deacon of the Episcopal Church in Richmond, Va., on Sunday, January 11th, 1890. Dr. Gallaudet interpreted the service and preached the sermon. A large number of deaf-mutes were present. Hereafter, our Southern missionary will be designated as Rev. Job Turner.

A Geneva despatch to the Times says: "Professor Colladon of Geneva, has effected an important improvement in the contrivance for enabling deaf-mutes to hear through the teeth, lately discovered in the United States. For the India-rubber apparatus used by the American inventor, which is somewhat costly, Professor Colladon substitutes a piece of elastic card-board."

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has been transferred from Mexico, N. Y., to New York city, and is now edited by E. A. Hodgson. The first number printed in New York city is at hand, bearing date Thursday, Jan. 1, 1890. It is a neat-appearing seven-column paper and is devoted exclusively to the interests of deaf-mutes. The paper deserves a liberal patronage.—Rome Sentinel.

Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Job Turner visited the University of Virginia, in Charlottesville, on Tuesday, January 13th. They both made addresses in the chapel. They visited the Staunton Inst. for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind on the 18th inst., and expect to hold services in Trinity Church, Staunton, Va., on Sunday, January, 18th.

A post-mortem in the case of Thomas McMillen, deaf-mute of East Galway, N. Y., whose death was noticed in the JOURNAL of the 8th inst., disclosed that his disease was internal cancer in the stomach. He was 57 years old, had been a prosperous farmer, but had sold his farm and had an auction sale of his personal property a few weeks before his death. His wife is left in comfortable circumstances. He was highly respected by his circle of neighbors and acquaintances.

A series of ten games of chess, between Messrs. Mann and Pineres, were played at the New York Institution, on Saturday last. Mr. Pineres easily won, defeating Mr. Mann by 9 to 1. Among the celebrated chess players at the Institution is Charles S. Doane, who is the present champion chess player in the Institution and who would very much like to challenge Mr. Howard, or any other deaf-mute, to play a match with him for the deaf-mute championship of the United States.

Miss Elnora Rose, an intelligent, charming young deaf-mute lady of Highland, Ulster Co., N. Y., and a graduate of the New York Institution, visited that Institution on the 9th inst., and remained there until morning of the 12th inst., when she departed for Brooklyn, N. Y., where she will visit her deaf-mute and speaking friends. During her stay at the Institution, she says she had a very pleasant and enjoyable time in pleasant conversation with her classmates and schoolmates, who were very glad to see her again. She has a deaf-mute brother being educated at the Inst.

The Indiana Institution was recently honored by a visit from Mr. H. J. Haight and Mr. C. S. Newell, of New York. They remained in the city several days, and attended the Great—well, the "Great Cincinnatian Show." On Sunday, Mr. Newell delivered a lecture full of "grace and elegance" in the large and spacious chapel. It is needless to say that he held his audience spellbound, and also made quite a "mash" among the young ladies. A baker's dozen more or less were so terribly taken that they were heard to exclaim, "What a pity that all the nice men are married." Come again gentlemen, we shall be delighted to see you.

A. E. Brown, a deaf-mute, who was about to open a shop at West Lebanon, N. H., for the manufacture of brooms, died suddenly on Monday night December 15th. He retired in his usual good health about 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock his deaf and dumb companion, F. J. Packard, was aroused by his struggles, and at once informed the inmates of the house, but before any one reached him life was extinct. He was a native of Dunbarton, 22 years of age, and unmarried. His remains were brought to this city for interment. He was educated at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford.

Mr. Walter C. Brower, at present and for some time past a compositor in this office, will start next week for Long Prairie, to take charge of a paper at that place. Negotiations are in progress for the purchase of the Argus; if they should fail, a new paper will be started. We wish Mr. Brower success in his new field.—St. Cloud Journal-Press.

Mr. Brower is the young man who left the Companion Office last Spring to stick type in the office of the Journal-Press. His friends here unite heartily with the editor of that paper in wishing him success in his new undertaking. He has the requisite energy and "push" and we predict for him a successful business life.—Companion.

The Chicago Deaf-Mute Christian Association, composed of deaf-mutes residing in Chicago and its vicinity, having for its object the better acquaintance, spiritual, and moral improvements, has been incorporated with the above title. The rooms are located at Room 2, 279 La Salle street, Chicago, and are open day and evening. The officers of the Association are: John R. Cotton, President; Frank F. Andrews, Secretary; William Gibney, Treasurer; Edwin N. Bowes, General Manager; Thomas N. Raffington, John F. Roth, and Alexander Meisel, Presidential Committee.

The number of deaf-mutes in the neighborhood is considerably large, and, insomuch as they are from many of the privileges and enjoyments of their favored hearing friends, and to secure to them the blessings of Christian fellowship, and the advantages of a library and reading room, they must be provided with a home of their own.

This object is a very laudable and worthy one.—Chicago Daily News.

Any one who is not a practical printer does not realize the labor of correcting proof and instructing a new apprentice in the art of printing.

A thousand details must be attended to, and the greatest patience exercised before a paper is ready for the press. This paper takes so much care to set up and print in red over in a short time, without any reflection concerning the labor involved in its production. All this labor however pays him who performs it, if only regarded as an educational interest.

Many of the great lawyers, clergymen and statesmen, that America has produced concede that much of their greatness and influence were produced by the intellectual training and incitements of the printing office, and that is the chief reason why instruction is given in the best organized Deaf and Dumb Institutions of the United States. It is certainly true that the printing office is the poor boy's college—and that one year of patient study and labor in a printing office is equal to two years of school in any college in the land.—Star.

## DEAD REBORN.

LANCIE—O'NEILL. In Churchville, N. Y., Jan. 7th, at St. Patrick's Church, by Rev. William Moran, John Lancier and Maggie O'Neill, both of Bergen, N. Y.

## The Deaf-Mute National Convention

We desire all deaf-mutes of this country who intend to attend the national re-union to send their names, addresses, and the designated places and specified days of August, 1890, at which and on which they desire to have the re-union held. The time to accomplish this purpose is extended till January 1st, 1890, when a count of the votes will take place, and the place and day preferred by a majority will be finally decided upon.

Below we insert the names of deaf-mutes who have already expressed their preferences:

## CINCINNATI.

1. P. A. Emery, of Illinois, - - August 11th.  
2. J. E. Gallagher, of " - - " 15th.  
3. James Fielder, of Georgia, " - - " 15th.  
4. H. S. Morris, of " - - " 15th.  
5. S. M. Freeman, of " - - " 15th.  
6. A. Rembeck, of " - - " 15th.  
7. E. C. Sanders, of " - - " 15th.  
8. J. T. Bowen, of " - - " 15th.  
9. T. H. Coleman, of South Carolina, " 24th.  
10. W. N. Sparrow, of Massachusetts, " 21st.  
11. Fred Stitt, of Wisconsin, " 25th.  
12. R. L. H. Long, of Ohio, latter part of Aug.  
13. W. E. White, of New Hampshire, " 25th.  
14. Fred Stitt, of Wisconsin, August 25th.  
15. R. L. H. Long, of Ohio, " 25th.  
16. E. L. Van Damme, of Michigan, " 25th.  
17. J. P. Kelly, of Minnesota, " 25th.  
18. W. Robinson, of Wisconsin, " 25th.  
19. L. A. Palmer, of Tennessee, " 25th.  
20. John Vici, of Ohio, " 25th.  
21. W. A. Nelson, of Iowa, " 25th.  
22. W. A. Nelson, of Iowa, " 25th.  
23. F. W. Shaw, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
24. J. M. Koehler, of Pennsylvania, " 25th.  
25. J. A. Trundle, of Maryland, " 25th.  
26. R. A. Abington, of Pennsylvania, " 25th.  
27. P. S. Morley, of " 25th.  
28. S. S. Haas, of " 25th.  
29. R. N. Stevenson, of Ohio, " 25th.  
30. F. W. Wood, of Massachusetts, " 25th.  
31. E. O. Herr, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
32. J. M. Brown, of Indiana, " 25th.  
33. I. N. Hammer, of Tennessee, " 25th.  
34. A. L. Gross, of Indiana, " 25th.  
35. A. R. Spear, of Minnesota, " 25th.  
36. M. J. Kendrick, of New York, " 25th.  
37. P. J. Hasenstark, of Indiana, " 25th.  
38. J. L. Smith, of Minnesota, " 25th.  
39. C. W. Collins, of Nebraska, " 25th.  
40. C. W. Caraway, of Mississippi, " 25th.  
41. J. T. Sams, of Indiana, " 25th.  
42. H. Schuler, of Ohio, " 25th.  
43. C. C. Codman, of Illinois, - Aug. 30th.  
44. M. D. Lyon, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
45. L. W. Callahan, of Pennsylvania, " 25th.  
46. W. Brodman, of " 25th.  
47. H. R. Drake, of Ohio, " 25th.  
48. J. S. Tufts, of Massachusetts, " 21st.  
49. C. S. Sawyer, of District of Columbia, 25th.  
50. Alva Jeffords, of Illinois, " 25th.  
51. J. Hammack, of Illinois, " 25th.  
52. A. Bryant, of District of Columbia, " 25th.  
53. Leslie Goodrich, of Illinois, " 25th.  
54. G. S. Saxon, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
55. Charles Kearney, of Indiana, " 20th.  
56. N. F. Morrow, of Indiana, " 25th.  
57. J. S. S. of " 25th.  
58. L. M. Larson, of Wisconsin, " 25th.  
59. Charles Bronson, of Indiana, " 21st.  
60. R. B. Lawrence, of Louisiana, " 25th.  
61. R. B. Lawrence, of Louisiana, " 25th.  
62. Matthias Heck, of Indiana, " 25th.  
63. C. P. Pordick, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
64. J. H. Yeager, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
65. G. T. Schuler, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
66. Miss Martha Stephens, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
67. Wm. Hack, of Indiana, " 21st.  
68. G. E. Bronson, of Indiana, " 21st.  
69. F. W. Bigelow, of Vermont, " 25th.  
70. J. G. Dillman, of Indiana, - Aug. 25th.  
71. H. H. Davis, of Massachusetts, " 25th.  
72. G. T. Dougherty, of Missouri, " 25th.  
73. M. R. Gray, of Kentucky, - Aug. 25th.  
74. W. J. Blount, of Indiana, " 25th.  
75. Robt. D. Lee, of " 25th.  
76. J. W. Hoagland, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
77. R. W. Branch, of Tennessee, " 25th.  
78. Wm. T. Campbell, of Missouri, " 25th.  
79. John T. Bove, of " 25th.  
80. Louis Hoff, of " 25th.  
81. Albert Kozietz, of " 25th.  
82. John Gill, of " 25th.  
83. J. A. McAdams, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
84. A. B. H. of Maryland, " 25th.  
85. E. Ramsey, of " 25th.  
86. C. W. Schupp, of " 25th.  
87. J. A. Brandick, of " 25th.  
88. Wm. Van, of Indiana, " 25th.  
89. H. M. Malik, of Pennsylvania, " 25th.  
90. Miss L. E. Shroyer, of Indiana, " 25th.  
91. A. J. Jitt, of " 25th.  
92. Henry Bierbach, of " 25th.  
93. Orson Archibald, of " 25th.  
94. Chas. Gregory, of " 25th.  
95. Mr. and Mrs. Corwin, of " 25th.  
96. A. Robertson, of " 25th.  
97. Miss Lizzie Jaque, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
98. J. J. Siegman, of New York, " 25th.  
99. E. L. Chapin, of West Virginia, " 25th.  
100. H. C. Anderson, of " 25th.  
101. A. D. Hayes, of " 25th.  
102. A. Hoffman, of New York, " 25th.  
103. Geo. W. George, of Illinois, " 25th.  
104. Oscar Odell, of Indiana, - Aug. 25th.  
105. John F. Pottmyer, of " 25th.  
106. L. R. Hildebrand, of " 25th.  
107. D. P. Ragan, of " 25th.  
108. A. H. Guard, of " 25th.  
109. J. Johannes, of " 25th.  
110. J. C. F. Wheeler, of " 25th.  
111. Chas. F. Pence, of " 25th.  
112. John Kilday, of " 25th.  
113. Geo. C. Newton, of " 25th.  
114. H. W. Whitmore, of " 25th.  
115. E. F. Thornbrough, of " 25th.  
116. H. C. Anderson, of " 25th.  
117. William Kellams, of " 25th.  
118. J. H. Coers, of " 25th.  
119. W. M. Marsh, of " 25th.  
120. H. L. Holt, of " 25th.  
121. E. P. Binkley, of " 25th.  
122. Chas. O. Danitz, of " 25th.  
123. O. J. League, of " 25th.  
124. John T. Madala, of " 25th.  
125. E. Mooney, of " 25th.  
126. M. E. Cox, of " 25th.  
127. A. Berg, of " 25th.  
128. Howard P. Ranner, of " 25th.  
129. John Schroder, of " 25th.  
130. James Zehner, of " 25th.  
131. D. Bookman, of " 25th.  
132. Jas. W. Eastburn, of " 25th.  
133. Jas. C. Embury, of " 25th.  
134. Frank Adams, of " 25th.  
135. James Brown, of " 25th.  
136. H. C. Anderson, of " 25th.  
137. Charles Weir, of " 25th.  
138. J. T. Ewell, of Pennsylvania, " 25th.  
139. M. C. Forcine, of " 25th.  
140. William H. Lipsett, of " 25th.  
141. Miss C. Biery, of " 25th.  
142. John Q. Hahn, of " 25th.  
143. John Hahn, of " 25th.  
144. John Hahn, of " 25th.  
145. S. O. Swen, of Ohio, " 25th.  
146. Mrs. H. C. Swen, of " 25th.  
147. Miss E. H. Swen, of " 25th.  
148. Emory Shoop, of " 25th.  
149. Mrs. B. A. Shoop, of " 25th.  
150. L. A. Anthony, of " 25th.  
151. M. T. J. Anthony, of " 25th.  
152. Miss E. Pennington, of " 25th.  
153. C. Sawhill, of " 25th.  
154. J. Leib, of " 25th.  
155. H. Wiley, of Massachusetts, " 25th.  
156. W. Tilley, of Indiana, " 25th.  
157. P. S. Englehard, of Wisconsin, " 25th.  
158. A. A. Gray, of Missouri, " 25th.  
159. F. Carter, of the Dist. of Columbia, " 25th.  
160. E. Mann, of Ohio, " 25th.  
161. C. C. Hatfield, of " 25th.  
162. J. H. Smith, of " 25th.  
163. W. Carr, of " 25th.  
164. Mrs. E. Mann, of " 25th.  
165. Miss A. McCain, of " 25th.  
166. C. Zine, of " 25th.  
167. J. H. Brinn, of " 25th.  
168. Bertha J. Mueller, of " 25th.  
169. Mary Scherer, of " 25th.  
170. Mrs. J. McFarland, of " 25th.  
171. Styles Phillips, of Georgia, " 25th.  
172. Henry Glaw, of Indiana, " 25th.  
173. Ed. Gibson, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
174. Mrs. J. W. Taylor, of New York, " 25th.  
175. R. E. Thompson, of Kansas, " 25th.  
176. Mrs. M. E. Thompson, of " 25th.  
177. Miss Mary F. De Long, of " 25th.  
178. F. McElroy, of Ohio, " 25th.  
179. Miss L. S. Gray, of " 25th.  
180. J. H. McMeeker, of West Va, " 25th.  
181. J. H. Vane, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
182. J. Barick, of Ohio, " 25th.  
183. J. C. Baskley, of Kentucky, " 25th.  
184. James Glass, of " 25th.  
185. J. M. Bryson, of " 25th.  
186. C. Buz, of Ohio, " 25th.  
187. Mary Glass, of " 25th.  
188. Jos. Lunning, of " 25th.

190. C. J. Daughdrill, of Alabama, July 15th.  
191. L. A. Hyder, of " "  
192. F. Buckfield, of " "  
193. W. G. Dawson, of " "  
194. W. S. Johnson, of " "  
195. J. A. Hodge, of " "  
196. E. C. Roberts, of " "  
197. H. A. Bunnell, of New York, Aug. 25th.  
198. James E. Doran, of New York, "  
199. Miss G. Smith, of Ohio, "  
200. J. C. Baskley, of " "  
201. J. Goldworth, of " "  
202. J. McFarland, of " "  
203. A. Heelon, of " "  
204. E. C. Roberts, of " "  
205. Mrs. L. Dyer, of " "  
206. J. Meyer, of " "  
207. Turner, of " "  
208. E. M. Carroll, of " "  
209. W. Harrington, of " "  
210. Styles Phillips, of Georgia, "  
211. O. F. Phelps, of Buffalo, "  
212. J. Stullinger, of " "  
213. Lamanthus Bask, of Kentucky, "  
214. George Farley, of New York, "  
215. F. R. Stryker, of " "  
216. John P. Riley, of Wisconsin, "

## CHICAGO.

1. A. J. Andrews, of North Carolina, Aug. 25th.  
2. J. Cross, of Indiana, " "  
3. E. L. Reynolds, of New York, " "  
4. C. K. W. Strong, of the D. C., " "  
5. J. H. Harris, of Minnesota, " "  
6. Chas. A. Fox, of " "  
7. E. A. Hodgson, of New York, " "  
8. J. H. Eddy, of " "  
9. T. F. Fox, of New York, " "  
10. Chas. B. Fish, of Vermont, " "  
11. Jos. Farrell, of Pennsylvania, " "  
13. P. A. Smith, of Wisconsin, " "

## SYRACUSE.

1. H. C. Rider, of New York, - Aug. 25th.  
2. Stephen Sinclair, of " "  
3. L. N. Jones, of " "  
4. Mrs. G. J. Chandler, of New York, "  
5. Miss H. A. Avery, of " "  
6. Stephen Field, of " "  
7. Chas. E. Engle, of " "  
8. W. Nutting, of " "  
9. H. Erbe, of Connecticut, " "  
10. J. C. Noe, of New Jersey, " "  
11. W. H. Halsey, of " "  
12. J. P. Morgan, of New York, "  
13. Miss F. J. Allen, of " "  
14. Miss Sarah Guil, of " "  
15. Miss L. B. Guil, of " "  
16. James M. Allen, of Connecticut, "  
17. W. H. Green, of Massachusetts, "  
18. John Gifford, of New York, "  
19. Mrs. J. Gifford, of " "  
20. N. Denton, of " "  
21. J. P. Whitney, of " "  
22. Miss Jennie Allen, of " "  
23. Alabaz Johnson, of " "  
24. Harry Van Dyer, of " "  
25. Chas. S. Riley, of " "  
26. Martin Munkle, of " "  
27. Geo. W. Schuten, of " "  
28. Henry Semple, of " "  
29. Olin Hoxie, of " "  
30. Miss E. J. Kendall, of " "  
31. Mrs. J. H. C. C. of New York, "  
32. " Mary Semple, of " "  
33. " Kate Arnold, of " "  
34. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Evans, of " "  
35. J. J. J. of " "  
36. J. H. Winslow, of " "  
37. H. Fessenden, of " "  
38. A. Taber, of " "  
39. R. B. Thompson, of New Jersey, "  
40. Peter Hensel, of " "  
41. Smith Rodman, of " "  
42. Wm. V. Volor, of " "  
43. Wm. V. Volor, of " "  
44. Henry Caldwell, of " "  
45. Geo. Vannoy, of " "  
46. J. C. C. of " "  
47. Mrs. Peter Hensel, of " "  
48. Mrs. C. Montfort, of " "  
49. Mrs. Redman, of " "  
50. Mrs. E. L. C. C. of " "  
51. Miss Emma Hensel, of " "  
52. Miss Sarah Harper, of " "  
53. Miss Eleanor Bousfield, of " "  
54. Miss Lizzie Bousfield, of " "  
55. Miss Charlotte Conklin, of " "  
56. W. T. Collins, of New York, "  
57. C. A. Smith, of " "  
58. J. C. C. of " "  
59. Mr. and Mrs. Burt, of " "  
60. Misses Schult, of " "  
61. H. B. Brown, of " "  
62. J. Atkins, of " "  
63. N. Brown, of " "  
64. Milton A. Jones, of " "  
65. Henry Matthews, of " "  
66. Wm. M. C. C. of N. Y., "  
67. J. N. Bargier, of New York, "  
68. H. Ward Smith, of " "  
69. A. Guggenheimer, of " "  
70. Ephraim Jewell, of " "  
71. Geo. Taylor, of " "  
72. Mrs. Geo. Taylor, of " "  
73. L. Eastman, of " "  
74. Mrs. J. L. C. C. of New York, "  
75. Joel E. Andrews, of " "  
76. Russell Smith, of Nebraska, "  
77. Thomas Bruce, of New York, "  
78. Fred Browning, of " "  
79. George B. Mowry, of " "  
80. G. A. Converse, of Minnesota, "  
81. H. Kerr, of Michigan, "  
82. Mrs. A. M. Kerr, of " "  
83. J. J. Borden, of " "  
84. Mrs. H. Borden, of " "  
85. Thomas H. Hensel, of " "  
86. Mrs. C. C. C. of " "  
87. W. Blood, of " "  
88. E. Blood, of " "  
89. Joseph Halifax, of " "  
90. S. Lewis, of Iowa, "  
91. W. E. Lewis, of " "  
92. Wm. E. C. C. of Pennsylvania, "  
93. W. B. Cullingworth, of " "  
94. William McKinnay, of " "  
95. Joseph A. Roop, of " "  
96. John C. Lewis, of " "  
97. D. Paul, Jr., of " "  
98. Thomas Conroy, of " "  
99. John Sheets, of " "  
100. George Shoop, of " "  
101. Miss Annie Conlter, of " "  
102. S. Barchard, of " "  
103. James C. Smith, of " "  
104. Thomas J. Shipley, of " "  
105. Mrs. Thomas J. Shipley, of " "  
106. Mrs. B. Mackenzie, of " "  
107. George Slifer, of " "  
108. Fred H. Miller, of " "  
109. Michael Higgins, of " "  
110. William Lee, of " "  
111. Charles Campbell, of " "  
112. Washington Houston, of " "

113. Frank P. Zell, of " "  
114. C. B. Stillwell, of " "  
115. Joseph A. T. T. of New Jersey, "  
116. Charles H. Shriver, of Pennsylvania, "  
117. Thomas Brown, of " "  
118. Miss Dora Hart, of " "  
119. Miss Mary Seony, of " "  
120. Miss Besie E. Connor, of " "  
121. Miss Emma Smith, of " "  
122. Miss George Stevenson, of " "  
123. Miss Lizzie Hoss, of " "  
124. Henry Blaudensee, of " "  
125. H. B. Sands, of " "  
126. H. B. Sands, of " "  
127. Mrs. H. S. Stevenson, of " "  
128. Alexander J. Arnold, of " "  
129. Joseph Devlin, of " "

130. James E. Morony, of " "  
131. Peter Hunter, of " "  
132. Mrs. B. Stevenson, of " "  
133. Mrs. M. A. R. of " "  
134. A. McKinzie, of " "  
135. Mrs. J. D. Ziegler, of " "  
136. Miss S. C. Greenly, of " "  
137. Mrs. M. Fullerton, of New York, "  
138. Lucius Wood, of " "  
139. A. W. Denel, of " "  
140. A. W. Denel, of " "  
141. A. W. Denel, of " "  
142. A. W. Denel, of " "  
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144. A. W. Denel, of " "  
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147. A. W. Denel, of " "  
148. A. W. Denel, of " "  
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## Correspondence.

(Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for, those expressed by any of our correspondents.)

## COLUMBUS LETTER.

NEW YEAR'S AT THE INSTITUTION—PERSONAL, ETC.

New Year's day was observed at the Institution in a manner becoming the occasion which, of course, means a suspension of school exercises and allowing the pupils to make a holiday of it. The weather on the day in question was favorable for outdoor exercise, and as a consequence, many of the older boys took advantage of the opportunity and hid themselves up street to see the attractions presented there, while the others amused themselves in and about the building in a manner suiting their tastes. Some, not to be behind their speaking brethren, foolishly spent what few nickels they had for firecrackers and shot them off about the yard, making the air sonorous like a Fourth of July celebration.

The prominent feature of the dinner was oysters and other good eatables not on an every day bill of fare, and at their evening meal, they were treated to the saffron colored fruit from Florida and the Tropics,—oranges, to be more explicit,—and other delicacies. Later, the day's enjoyment was terminated in the chapel where, for an hour, innocent and agreeable amusement was afforded those present. The entertainment, though short, was varied and gave satisfaction. There was the Marypole with its queen and fairies, each charmingly dressed in different colors which made one fairly wish to belong to the land where fairies only dwell and roam. Their dancing and entwining the pole was creditably performed. Babes in the woods, formed an amusing spectacle and was greatly enjoyed, while the scenes of the "Country Cousins" were funny, funny for the awkwardness in which the "city chap" seemed to display among those of his kin who were not educated up to metropolitan style. The tableaux, the "Evening Prayer" and "Asleep," were beautiful, and could not fail to draw the admiration of the parental affections. During the holiday week, but few of the Alumni were at the Institution. Among those present may be mentioned Mrs. Flenniken, wife of the first pupil of the Institution, Messrs. Frazier, E. T. King, Snider and Fancher.

The *Chronicle*, the oldest Institution newspaper in existence, instead of being the best with all the facilities at hand, is setting a very bad example for its younger brethren to imitate. Its appearance, for the past few weeks particularly, has been simply a disgrace, and it would take the largest kind of a magnifying glass to find out what the types say, so badly has it been smudged up. We have no fault to find with the quantity and quality of its reading matter, but in the manner it is made to appear in the paper after it leaves the press. Under the present circumstances there is no remedy to correct the evil, as the editor has no control over the office, it being under the supervision of the State Supervisor of printing, who appoints the man to have direct charge of the office.

Governor Blackburn, of Kentucky, in his recent message to the Legislature, recommends the enlargement and improvement of the Institution for Deaf-Mutes of that State.

COLUMBUS.

January 6, 1880.

## NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

The welcome and enjoyable recreation and respite from classroom duties offered by the holidays was of course hailed with undisguised joy by all, especially by those who, from the nature of their duties, can fully appreciate such a boon as a short season of rest surely is. Two full weeks were given to all those pupils whose parents were willing that they should spend the holidays away from their Alma Mater, either at home or at the residences of friends. Such as resided in the city, or in the suburbs, availed themselves of this opportunity to seek a season of respite, so that the attendance was reduced more than one-half. At one time the roll of those present was less than 201, of whom 126 were males and the remainder females. An idea of how far this number falls below the footing of a few days previous may be obtained by comparing these figures with the attendance then, when there were 505 present. Owing to the narrowing down of the figures, the Principal put two classes in one, and furnished them with a special course of study. By this arrangement, but one-half the teachers were placed on duty, the remainder being granted a vacation, extending from Monday, December 22, to the Saturday following. This was a wise and beneficial measure, and the short but agreeable respite thus granted was well deserved. This order was reversed on the following Monday. Those teachers who had been on duty during the preceding week in their turn received a week's vacation, and their places were filled by those who had first been excused from duty.

The day of all days, Christmas, was very quietly observed, but the path of "good St. Nick" was not uneventful, though not cheered with the accustomed variety of gaiety. However, those who did greet the festive morn under the walls of their Alma Mater rose with a determination to make the most of their opportunity. The few pupils who remained, assembled in the chapel at 11:30 A. M., to listen

to a very interesting address, appropriate to the occasion, by the Principal. At noon, sharp, the exercises were brought to a close. The portals of the dining-room were then thrown open, and all did full justice to the bountiful repast laid before them. The afternoon was passed as the caprices of all led them. In the evening, all assembled in the young ladies' sitting-room, where they became the recipients of fruits and confections, and indulged in games and the like till 9 o'clock, when all retired to their several dormitories. Thus passed the day with us.

Visitors of note, excepting the calls of the gentlemen connected with the Institute, have been very scarce for the space of the past few weeks. Visitors in the shape of friends of the pupils were, as is usually the case, quite numerous. A complete catalogue of our callers would but serve to task the patience of the reader, so on this point I shall be brief.

The amiable Miss Clara Thomas, a niece of our honored Superintendent, was joined in wedlock to a gentleman of her choice, two days before Christmas. Her many friends and admirers all join in extending her congratulations on her good fortune, and heartily and sincerely wish her a bon voyage.

On Dec. 24th, Thomas F. Fox, who graduated with "flying colors" last June from the Institution, called and remained our guest during the day. He made several calls in the city before he returned to the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C.

Owing to intelligence received by Miss Fitzhugh of the illness of her mother, she left for Kentucky on the 5th inst. She carried with her the sympathy of all.

The hours of school were changed on Tuesday, the 6th inst., and school was held from 8:30 A. M. to 4:30 P. M. This makes an hour's difference in the regular time.

The Executive Committee held their meeting on Wednesday. An incident of the day was the visit of Mr. Brown who inspected the library and tested the Audiphone.

The notice which was given on the same day that the *Educator* would be discontinued after the February issue, was received with much surprise by those who had no knowledge that such a step was contemplated. The change of hands in regard to the ownership of the *JOURNAL* is familiar to your readers. The fact was made a cause of much congratulation. Under the able and conscientious management of its new editor the *JOURNAL* not only bids fair to maintain its past popularity, but eventually will rise to the enjoyment of more than its most sanguine.

Our principal went on a visit of inspection to Tarrytown on the Monday following. He did not dwell upon the result of his visit, or the impressions he received. So we can not venture further on this point.

On the Sunday following, a stereopticon lecture was given, which proved by far the best one of the term. The subject was a varied and extended one, it being biographical as well as descriptive in its nature. The Life of Joseph was first dwelt upon, and this was followed by a highly interesting and graphic account and description of the celebrated lowlands and highlands of Scotland.

The Evangelical Rowing Association held their annual election of officers under very auspicious circumstances on the evening of the 9th inst. The result of the ballot was the unanimous election of the following officers to serve during the ensuing year. Captain, J. H. Dobbs; First Mate, C. Q. Mann; Second Mate, J. W. Nash; Secretary, C. W. Hathaway; Treasurer, F. R. Stryker.

The meeting closed after appropriate addresses had been made by the newly elected officers, and a vote of thanks had been tendered the retiring officers. The club is in a more prosperous condition than it has been for some time, and continued success has already made it a really important organization.

GOOSE QUILL.

FANWOOD, Jan. 13, 1880.

## A School not an Institution, much less an Asylum.

"At a recent meeting of the Board of Directors of the Maryland Institution it passed a resolution to have the General Assembly at its coming session to change the name of the Institution to the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb. Now, Prof. Emery is victorious in this respect. We still insist that the word *institution* is more comprehensive, and also plainer than the word *school*. The education of the deaf and dumb includes moral, intellectual and social instruction, and industrial training. Our Institution is rather home-like than school-like, and 'The Home for Deaf-Mutes' would sound better, because the pupils feel themselves at home in the Institution. The parents know that their children prefer to stay here."—*Deaf-Mute Advance*.

The very idea of calling a deaf and dumb school an Institution or "The Home for Deaf-Mutes" is just what we protest against, unless the inmates are all deaf-mute paupers, as the County Board of a certain county in an official action styled the deaf-mutes of a State Institution! If the State Institutions are such in reality, instead of real schools, then we heartily thank the *Advance* man for pulling the wool from our eyes and "letting the cat out of the bag," as he has above.

We know of no school for oral children called an "Institution" properly, and we insist that to call those for the

teaching of deaf-mutes to read, write, cipher, etc., is *wrong*, because they are not properly institutions, and because the very name *misleads the common people*. We know of some who were misled so far that they called them "college," because they thought that was what the word "institution" meant in plain English! The word "institution" misled us once, until we found that only a common school education was taught: then we were amazed at the idea of calling a common school for mutes by such a big, long name. By the way, is not this big name used on purpose to blind and mislead for the purpose of —, — and —?

Hence we agree with Prof. Emery, and like the course the Maryland School has taken. The *Advance* man closes by saying, "The parents know that their children prefer to stay here"—at the *Asylum*, mislabeled an "Institution"? Yes, that is so. And they also know, to their sorrow, that this very preference is what they do not like, and which spoils their children most, and makes them (children) *dislike*, and even to hate the humble home of their parents, and often to cause the children to lose their love for their parents.

A good *School* for mutes we have no objection to, especially if the *schooling* is greater than the big house. But this weaning a child away from its parents and home, in teaching it that the *school* is its home! and that its teacher or the superintendent is its papa, we also object to. A child might just as well be dead as to be weaned from its home. A living sadness is worse than a loved one gone. By all means teach the children to call no one papa or mamma but the real ones, and to cherish their love for their own homes, for there is no place like home, be it ever so humble.

Our own parents expected we would lose our love for our humble home after being in the "big, fine house" awhile, and wept at the thought that we would soon become too proud and too big for an old log cabin home. Thank God! the "big, fine house" did not spoil us so much as it did many others, for which our poor parents were very glad.

A. M. SINCERITY.

## THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—

As you refer the decision to the readers regarding the results of the voting for the National Convention, I say that Cincinnati or Syracuse had no majority, as there was a total vote of 463, and these places failed to get the requisite majority—233, and so it is a "drawn battle." Syracuse had a plurality of only two, and either had no right whatever to the convention. But the time of the meeting voted for was (nearly unanimous) the 25th of August.

As the question has been solved by default, what shall we do next? Please take heed of my letter in the *JOURNAL* of November 20th—namely, *cash votes*. It had been foolishly to vote for the "air castle" convention—no money on hand to manage it.

Let us send our votes with cash—one dollar—no less than that amount, as membership fees to some trustworthy person as a treasurer, and he would give their names and favorite places weekly to your columns. I nominate George Homer, of Boston, as the treasurer. His integrity is unimpeachable, and he is too well known in the Eastern States to be criticised. The time of voting should be extended to June 1st next. I should repeat to advocate Washington, D. C., for the first convention in the Christmas week of 1880. I refer you to the letter of G. T. Dougherty of the National Deaf-Mute College in the *JOURNAL* of Nov. 20th. Truly farmers are so busy everywhere in the U. S. in summer, but have leisure hours in winter, and desire to visit the National Capital. Don't disregard that people as "Green horns;" for you would find plenty of "bricks" among them. Don't waste too much time in waiting for the readers' opinions. I don't steal thunder, but shall give credit to Wm. M. Chamberlain for his first suggestion of the money-managed convention. We ask you respectfully to declare our motion in turn to be voted for.

WM. K. CHASE.

MANDARIN, FLA., Jan. 15th, 1880.

## A Plain Letter on Egotism.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The sensible editorial with which you greeted the readers of the *JOURNAL* in its first issue under your management, leads us to hope that the *JOURNAL* of the future will surpass its triumph in the past. Though pretty well conducted under its former management, it is plain that too much space was given to certain individuals, and in fact, throughout my intercourse with deaf-mutes in different parts of the country, I have found that they all agree that the chief fault of the *JOURNAL* was the prominence given to the writings of a certain individual whom I will designate, "First Person." The wonderful importance that this same person attaches to himself, presupposes a superior excellence; for were he not in the belief that he possessed higher powers, both intellectual and moral, he would at times, be found a little in the shade, rather than appearing to consider himself the very primordial of wisdom and goodness, he would often divest himself of a portion of that selfishness with which he is too bountifully supplied, and casting a glance at the condition of others, learn to feel for "others' woes." Familiarity with their peculiar misfortunes would serve to soften and subdue that feeling of pride and arrogance that so

deeply imbues the character of the "First Person."

I must learn that *he* and *she*, you and they claim a share of this world's interests and attention, and that I, though something extraordinary in his own estimation must be, nevertheless, as lightly considered as his personal companions in the singular or plural.

How frequently have the reader of the *JOURNAL*, in search of news, been entertained (?) for whole hours by the prolonged, trivial and unmeaning phrases of the "First Person." Where that prominent person (I) had traveled, what that wonderful creature (I) had seen, or that prodigy (I) expected to do. There is no imagining to what an interminable length this personal can extend his narrations of the unheard of grandfather, grandmother, uncles, aunts, etc. (of course of no interest to deaf-mutes), whom he knows, and the almost incredible things that have fallen under his notice.

In conclusion, allow us to advise this determined, self-satisfied person, to betake himself to more reservedness. Let him no longer adhere to this system of selfish accentuating the letter I with such dignity and decision as would well nigh expel us all and send us into unwelcome forgetfulness.

The "Person" has long enough asserted his superiority and it would be becoming to place him awhile in the rear guard, where he will find himself diminishing into what he is really worth.

LESTER MONTROSE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 17, 1880.

## SURPRISE PARTY.

Parties, balls and other social diversions are called into requisition at the present season to pass over the tedium of the long winter evenings. But of all the varieties of diversion, there is none more agreeable than the Surprise Party.

The writer had the pleasure of attending such a party, tendered to Miss Sophie Sonneborn, at the residence of her parents, on the evening of the 14th inst.

Invitations thereto had been sent only to friends and acquaintances of the lady.

Miss Sonneborn had been told that she was to attend a party at a friend's that evening, and when our party arrived, she was busily engaged donning robes well suited to make her look her prettiest.

After waiting impatiently in expectancy of the appearance of the heroine of the occasion, to our gratification, suddenly the door opened, and we beheld the lady, tastefully attired, and "She blushed and blushed, and in her eyes A sudden, soft and shy surprise Did suddenly and softly rise."

When she had recovered from this pleasant surprise, she welcomed her guests, and gracefully received their good wishes. Lively conversation, dancing and games were the order of the evening. Refreshments were offered, which served their purpose, for we were enabled to go with fresh zeal to the pleasant task of entertaining others and being entertained. Much ingenuity was exerted in devising many interesting games, new and intellectual, and much enjoyed by all. We were then called to partake of a sumptuous supper, consisting of meats, cakes, creams, fruits, etc., to which we did ample justice. Conversation, you may imagine, was at a standstill, while all thoughts were concentrated upon the work in hand. After having satisfied their stomachs' desire, a look at the countenances of the party revealed their verdict—"Fine, of the first degree."

From all appearances, all enjoyed the entertainment, much more so as the queen of the evening evinced her gratification in mien and speech.

Of those present, I may mention the Misses H. Sonneborn, Panoceat, Leff, Williams, Mandel; the Messrs. M. and J. Sonneborn, Heyman, Koffman, Basch, Guggenheimer, Souweine, Mandel, and THE WRITER.

New York, Jan. 17, 1880.

## THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

There was a fair attendance at the meeting of January 15, with President Dimond in the chair, and Secretary Hogan recording.

The member to whom at the preceding meeting a loan had been granted showed the members the security he offered for the same. It was more than sufficient.

The Committee appointed to take legal steps to compel the recently expelled Secretary to give up the books, papers and money in his possession belonging to the Association, asked for funds wherewith to retain a lawyer. They reported that they had a legal opinion favorable to the Association. A goodly sum was "appropriated." They then moved that the expelled Secretary be again requested to turn over the property, and on his again refusing, to put the case at once in the hands of a lawyer. This was passed almost unanimously, and the Secretary was directed to inform him of the same.

One of the members tried to whitewash Mr. Bo(n)(ne)d, but a few well directed questions flooded him in short order.

The Committee investigating the account of the excursion of last summer asked that a few members and the expelled Secretary, who might be able to throw light on the subject, be summoned to the next meeting. It was agreed to.

A motion to have a Committee appointed to revise the Constitution was tabled.

The meeting adjourned at a late hour.

MATTEWAN.

## A Letter from Biddeford, Me.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Christmas day was a splendid but cold one. Sleighting was fine hereabouts. There was a large gathering of deaf-mutes at Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cleave's residence, in Saco, on Christmas evening.

A party of deaf-mutes took a pleasant ride in the Stage Sleigh in the afternoon, into the country six-miles from this city and Saco, to their old homestead where they received a cheerful welcome and congratulations, and met some deaf-mutes from Gorham and South Windham, Me., bringing with them their tokens of respect for the company, and wishing all a merry Christmas. Their residence was filled with a merry throng of relatives and friends who assembled on the occasion to observe a Christmas tree of the host and hostess, and join in the festivities. Mr. and Mrs. Cleaves had the privilege of seeing many happy people there. The tree, which was loaded with numerous and valuable gifts, presented a beautiful appearance. At the appointed time in the evening, about twenty-five deaf-mutes and hearing people sat down to a bountiful collation, prepared by the generous and genial host and hostess who did all they could to please the company. Before tasting our supper, Mr. John Irwin, of South Windham, offered a prayer of Thanksgiving. After the supper was over, we sat down together in the other parlor before the warm old fashioned fire-place to spend a pleasant evening in social and friendly intercourse, and all seemed to enjoy a good time. We amused ourselves by telling funny stories and by playing games till a late hour in the evening. After the presents were distributed to the satisfaction of all present, the senior portion of the company repaired to their several places of rest to seek tired nature's sweet restorer.

Hearty thanks were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Cleaves for their hospitality and courtesy, for which God surely will reward them.

J. W. PAGE.

Biddeford, Me., Jan. 9, 1880.

## "COLUMBUS."

PARDON OF DAVIS, THE CINCINNATI DEAF-MUTE MURDERER.—BRIEF HISTORY OF THE CRIME, WHICH CAME NEAR COSTING HIS LIFE—AN OLD DODGE THAT TERMINATED SUDDENLY.

G. M. T. Davis, the Cincinnati deaf-mute murderer, is pardoned out of the penitentiary, and again allowed to breathe the pure air of heaven. This information will no doubt be news to the *JOURNAL* readers who are at all familiar with the facts of his case. For two or three years rumors have floated periodically through the air in this vicinity that influence had been at work to secure the man's release, and had been successful, but like all rumors, they soon exploded without effect. Still the persistency with which they were kept up, made one come to the conclusion that Davis would yet be a free man. It was only a question of time, and that culminated Friday, January 2d. On that day a stroke of the patriarchal beard of the executive, a dash of the pen, and Davis, whose hand, without a moment's warning, sent an innocent being, acting in the discharge of his duty, into eternity, was permitted to walk forth a free man from the gloomy walls of the prison to which, for his crime, a just judge had sentenced him for life, and where, for the past five years, he has been confined. The only condition of his pardon, is that he abstain from intoxicating drinks for a period of five years. Whether Governor Bishop acted just right in this case, the writer does not desire to speak, but he disapproves the plea of deafness as one of the reasons upon which he (the Governor) based his action, and which, no doubt was the main cause of extending executive clemency. We are not living in an age, when deaf-mutes were allowed to go uneducated, because there was no method whereby they could receive instruction. That time is past. Every State now has its school for deaf-mutes, and all have an opportunity to throw off their yoke of obscurity and receive light, equally with the children in our public schools. They are taught to distinguish between right and wrong, and if, after leaving school they commit deeds against the laws of God and man, the same punishment should be meted out to them as would naturally be received by hearing persons. Their deafness should not be called into question; such influence works perniciously upon this class in many ways.

Davis had received a fair education, and knew the enormity of his crime at the time he committed it, and for the Governor to say that being deaf and dumb he (Davis) could not comprehend fully the act at the time of its commission, is going a little too far. The fact is that Davis was known to be a dangerous person, his temper when on, was uncontrollable, and was greatly to be feared on such occasions. In St. Louis, where he worked at a case for some time, and where he became well known, one of the papers thus speaks of him a few days after the murder he committed. "Davis \* \* \* was of a choleric disposition, possessed a violent temper, and had won a reputation as a champion of fistfuls among the printing craft. He was an ugly man to handle, when the fighting fit was upon him."

A brief account of the murder at the time it was committed, is herewith given.

September 2d, 1874, a circus was pitched in Cincinnati. In the evening

Davis, in an intoxicated state, it is said, came into the dressing-room and demanded of the manager of the circus to see a lady, who was in his employ at the same time speaking in very uncomplimentary terms of her, even going so far as to threaten her with injury. The manager persuaded him to leave, and endeavored to somewhat cool him down. From here, Davis went to a cage containing monkeys, and began to torment them, and after repeated warning from the keeper to desist, policeman Abraham Bird was called upon to arrest him. The officer responded, went up to Davis, laid his hand upon him and said: "I arrest you." Davis being taken hold of, turned suddenly around, and perceiving that a policeman was going to lead him off, drew a revolver from his pocket and fired it at the officer, who immediately fell over and shortly after expired, while down, Davis also kicked him and then ran off, but was soon after caught, taken to the station house and the charge of murder placed opposite his name. Despite this dreadful charge against him, he appeared sullen and unconcerned, and denied most emphatically that he killed any one. His trial came on, he was defended by able counsel, and the jury which sat in his case, brought in a verdict of guilty, and he was sentenced accordingly.

Let us hope the five years in which he has been in confinement has been sufficient to warn him of his former habits, and that in the future he will lead a more useful life.

Marietta, Ohio, will not be a healthy place for deaf-mute impostors hereafter as the following, taken from the *Cincinnati Enquirer* of the 5th inst. will show:

"A cofored man bearing the rather heavy name of William Henry Harrison Becker appeared on our streets Saturday last with a slate and pencil, soliciting money in aid of himself as being deaf and dumb. He raised considerable money during the day, getting quite a little haul from our worthy Chief of Police among the rest. Towards evening Becker invested his collections in whiskey, and was finally arrested by one of the police. Showing resistance, the policeman drew his club on him, when the darkey yelled out: 'What de debbel you goin to hit me for.' Tableaux."

COLUMBUS.

January 12, 1880.

## A Deaf-Mute Academy.

As there is a good deal of interest manifested of late in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL about a college for deaf-mute girls, the following from "Crying Evils in the Deaf-Mute World," may be of interest to the ladies:—

"In accordance with a previous promise to that effect, I now present my plea for an institution for the higher education of the deaf-mutes, such institution to be a State academy for mutes, free to all of proper age to be entitled to such a privilege, and who need and merit a higher course of study than can be had at the local mute schools. It might be similar to the preparatory department of our colleges. Such a school has long been needed, as the State institutions have been inadequate to supply this want, owing to the limited number of years of the course of study, and to the fact that they are already over crowded with too many children who can not take and do not require an academical course, but must have instruction in the more necessary branches, to the neglect of those who have already received such instruction, however deserving they may be of further attention."

This academy should be centrally located, perhaps where the general superintendent resides (see pp. 61 and 62), who, aided by a local board of trustees, should have the care and control of it. The presidency of this school, together with the general supervision of all the schools, will give a competent man ample employment, and the salaries of the two offices combined will afford an income that will be just and sufficient for a respectable remuneration. The course of study should be that which will be most likely to benefit mutes, both directly and indirectly; one, too, which will give them a pretty liberal and thorough high school education, perhaps something like the college preparatory course, which will save the time and expense in this department to those who may wish to take a collegiate course. Males and females should be admitted upon equal footing, though there might be a little variation in the course of study provided for them, the better to qualify them for their respective spheres of action, such as omitting those which are more peculiarly masculine in their nature from that of the female, and in the place of such substituting that of "Household Science" (see Youmans' text book on this), "*Domestic Economy*," "*Diseases of Women and Children*," "*The Art of Economical Housekeeping*," etc. For, of all women, it seems that deaf-mutes need and deserve a knowledge of these things. This will the better fit them for woman's sphere of action, as intelligent wives, mothers and housekeepers, and will also qualify them to cope with their more fortunate sisters in *mute teaching* and other important fields of labor. Let me here add, though a little out of place, that more or less of these female studies and duties should be taught to all the girls in all our mute schools by the matron and others, because many of them can not and will not attend the academy, and they should have a pretty good idea of such things ere they become wives and mothers."

## BOSTON LETTER.

EDITOR OF THE DEAF-MUTE JOURNAL:—

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in complying with the request in your issue of the 29th, November, for some one in this vicinity to furnish the columns of your valuable paper with the incidents connected with the cause of the sad death of that estimable deaf-mute lady, the late Mrs. Amos Smith of Boston, with whom it was my good fortune to enjoy an acquaintance of many years, our relations being of so friendly a character as to afford me a proper estimate of the superior moral worth of the deceased lady and also a similar knowledge of the unhappy circumstances of which she was wickedly made the victim, the results of which is viewed as the direct cause of her untimely death.

Some five years ago the husband of Mrs. Smith died leaving an estate valued at that time at about eleven thousand dollars which snug sum, had it been prudently managed, would have adequately provided every necessity for his surviving widow and his two children. Among Mrs. Smith's acquaintances at this time was a young deaf-mute, who had for some years been a boarder in the family, and whose seeming honesty and well assumed sympathy for the bereaved family so won upon the confidence of Mrs. Smith as to secure for him the management of all her property.

Although repeatedly warned by her most intimate friends against the danger of her implicit faith in this man, which had become impressed upon her guileless nature skin to infatuation, she failed to regard their kindly admonition and thus became the plastic prey of a subtle villain to which terrible truth she was awakened about the 1st of October last, which revealed the fact that she was quite penniless, weighed down as she already was with affliction by the loss of one of her lovely daughters who died during the month of December last, this sudden and unlooked for blow was a fearful shock to the unfortunate lady. It was thereby necessary to withdraw her only surviving child from school and to sacrifice her nice household furniture by auction to procure means for immediate use. Not content with the injury he had already wrought upon those who had confided all their earthly possessions to his honor, this human fiend, by some representation obtained from the auctioneer about 250 dollars of the proceeds of the sale, with which sum he left for parts unknown.

On learning of this last act of rascality the poor woman was utterly prostrated, and by the advice of her physician was taken to the house of her father, where after a short illness of but 4 days she died of a broken heart. Mrs. Smith was beloved by all who knew her, and her sad case aroused for her the warmest sympathy of her many friends. The man is reported to be at present in Denver, Colorado, he may escape the justice he so richly deserves from the law of the land but he who ever watches over the window and the fatherless will surely hold him to that strict account for which the blood of that pure-minded woman cries in vain from the ground.

## A Journal and Pleasant Acquaintance.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I avail myself of the opportunity to describe my visit to Captain Burditt's, of Okolona, Editor of the *Chickasaw Messenger*. I left for Okolona on the 24th of last December and remained there a week. Captain Burditt, wife and two daughters treated me as kind as parents and sisters. I got two pairs of beautiful Christmas vases from my father and Captain Burditt. On Christmas they invited some gentlemen and ladies to dine with them. Dinner was very elegant, with a large turkey, cakes, eggnog, etc. On Friday morning, Mr. Buchman, a merchant of that place, sent for me to spend some time with his family and my aunt, who is living with them. They made my visit as pleasant as possible and gave a splendid dinner for my benefit. I remained there until Saturday, when I returned to Captain Burditt's. While there, I attended a Christmas tree and a large ball at the McIver Hall, which I enjoyed highly. I received many compliments there. I am very much pleased indeed with your valuable paper, and wish it much success. A happy New Year to you.

LESLY L. KING.

Egypt, Miss. Jan. 5, 1880.

## A RETRACTION.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—

Mrs. Frank Roberts, and her mother, Mrs. E. Knowles, are very justly indignant, at the rumors spread around by malicious persons to the effect that Mrs. Knowles, who took care of Mrs. James Russell and baby last October, was not competent as nurse, and was in some way the cause of the baby's death in the latter part of November. I, James Russell, own that my wife and myself were the originators of the stories, all except about the death of baby, as it was not taken sick until one week after Mrs. Knowles left us—and I wish to take back publicly one and all the reports that have been circulated by me. The doctor says that Mrs. Knowles was fully competent as a nurse.

JAMES RUSSELL.

HARTLEM, JAR. 17, 1880.

If you have had impressions, upon which you have acted wisely, but could not give a reason other than your sagacity, acknowledge that it was God leading you.



